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The
Birds Christmas

THE BIRDS'

CHRISTMAS.

*By Anna C.
The Linn.*



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Hard & Parsons,
New York.

Off for a Christmas-jubilee

Gaily the birds have flown.

Up and away

At the break of day.

Off to the wintry woods in glee

For a jovial time of their own.

High on the branches, merrily

They twitter and chirp and sing,

Happy and gay

In bird-like way.

While through the forest merrily

Their musical warblings ring.

Plucking the pretty Button-balls

That hang from the Sycamore tree.

To roll in the snow

On the ground below.

Twitting each other with saucy calls

As they follow them, sportively.

But when the shades of twilight fall,

As they homeward wing their way,

Together they raise

A song of praise :

"Oh, Thou who watches over all,

Be praised for this bright day!"

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.



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